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JULIA VISITING A FAMILY WHERE THE CHILDREN ARE SPOILED BY INDULGENCE.

JULIA CUNNINGHAME;

OR, THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

CHAPTER IX.—CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

"HARRIET, are you particularly engaged this afternoon?"

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"Oh! yes indeed, mamma; I have so much to do, that I doubt whether I shall be able to finish all before the evening. I have to balance the accounts of several societies, and then I promised to go and see the Ragged School with Ellen Harri-

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son; but that I must give up, I fear, for I shall not have time for all, and I would not on any account miss going to the meeting to-night; no doubt it will be very interesting, for a missionary from Sierra Leone is to be there, and several other popular speakers."

Mrs. Clifford sighed a little. "This is Friday," she said, "and you have not been at home one evening this week. Your papa was lamenting last night that he saw so little of you. I wish, my love, that you could contrive to give us a little more of your company."

"But, mamma, surely you do not object to my being engaged in works of charity and usefulness?"

"By no means, my dear child; I think every young Christian, who has time and ability at her command, should take her share in such labours of love; but, my dear Harriet, it is possible to undertake too much; and then in your case there are home duties—younger brothers and sisters, to whom the example and care of an elder sister would be of invaluable service; an aged grandmother, who needs frequent help and attention; and a father who, when he returns home harassed and wearied, after a long day's business, needs society and relaxation."

Harriet made no answer to these remarks, though she could not but feel their truth and justice; and opening her desk, she took out the different collecting books and began her work; but she had a conscience, and when she saw her mother looking ill and overdone with family cares, she felt uneasy and self-condemned.

Poor Mrs. Clifford was an **ailing**, delicate woman, very anxious to perform her various domestic duties with exactitude and constancy, but often very unequal to the task. She had a large family, of whom Harriet was the eldest. She had looked forward to the period of her daughter's leaving school with a fond hope that she would prove an efficient assistant, and be able and willing to take her share in the charge of the younger children. Of this Harriet was quite capable, for she was a clever active girl, and was not an unkind sister; but she had become connected with so many District Societies, Visiting Societies, and Missionary Societies, besides teaching twice every Sunday in the Sunday School, and several mornings in the week in a day school, that the whole of her time was monopolised by these multitudinous public labours.

Let it not be inferred from the above sketch, that the writer would cast the slightest reproach upon any one of those noble Christian Institutions with which our favoured country abounds, or upon the warm hearts and active hands so faithfully and piously engaged in the truly philanthropic work of ministering to the spiritual and temporal wants of the depraved and afflicted. It is merely a cautionary description of a certain class, who are sometimes apt to involve themselves (perhaps unawares) in a round of public duties and charitable labours, to the neglect of that which has the first and highest claim upon their devotion and love, namely, the family and domestic circle. We would on no account discourage the young and ardent Christian in the warm and benevolent outflowings of her first love; on the

contrary, we would bid her God-speed, and seek to strengthen her hands with words of sincere approbation and genuine sympathy. But we would first caution her against undertaking too much, and next inquire if a daughter's and a sister's part is lovingly and conscientiously performed by her. With these pre-requisites fulfilled, let her go forward and prosper.

After an arduous endeavour to crowd the work of a day into the space of two hours, Harriet Clifford hastily swallowed a cup of hot tea, at the cost of a scalded mouth, and throwing on her things, hurried off to the meeting. It had already begun, and, elbowing her way to Ellen Harrison, who made room for her, she sat down, hot and panting, and with her mind so flurried that it was some time before she could collect her thoughts and give her undivided attention to the speaker.

At his usual hour Mr. Clifford returned home, and found his wife suffering from a severe headache, and almost distracted with the noisy gambols of half-a-dozen children, who, full of health and energy, and with no one to control their unbounded spirits, were totally unconscious of the pain they were inflicting upon their invalid mother. The aged grandmother sat in her arm-chair knitting, and occasionally uttering an exclamation of fear when the children pushed roughly against her. Mr. Clifford's voice and presence restored something like quietness. The younger ones were sent to the nursery, much against their will, for at this time in the evening they were generally privileged to remain for an hour in the drawing-room. Two boys of nine and ten, alarmed by a threat of banishment, sat down together at the table to draw; but there was no one to encourage or direct them, and they soon began to dispute with one another. At last, utterly unable to bear up any longer, poor Mrs. Clifford was obliged to go to bed, and her husband, wearied in body and harassed in mind, was left alone with a book and his thoughts.

The Cliffords were old friends of the Cunninghames, and when Julia had spent a week at her **cousins'**, the Levers, she went for a few days to Mr. Clifford's before her return home. On the first day of her arrival, Harriet, for a wonder, was at home, and in consideration of Julia's presence, laid aside her ordinary occupations and devoted herself to the entertainment of her guest; but the next day she had, as she said, to make up for lost time; and though it was miserably wet and sloppy, and she had a bad cold at the time, she sallied forth, in spite of her mother's anxious expostulations, upon an errand of well-meant benevolence.

Julia remained within-doors, and quietly performed many a little service of love for Mrs. Clifford and the aged and dim-sighted grandmother. There was a calmness and repose in her whole demeanour, which seemed to influence all around her; even the children caught the infection, and were unusually quiet and subdued; and when Harriet, who had dined with Ellen Harrison, returned in the evening, she found her father (who was passionately fond of music) delightedly listening to Julia's playing and singing.

The next day, Harriet's cold had increased so much that it amounted to positive inflammation, and the doctor was called in. She was obliged,

very unwillingly, to remain in bed, and submit to the needful remedies. The complaint proved obstinate, and confined her to her bedroom for several weeks. During this time Mrs. Clifford gratefully accepted Julia's services, and found her a most valuable and efficient assistant, not only in the sick-room, but in every department of domestic care.

Julia was a thoughtful and observant character; she felt that Harriet had overlooked the duties and responsibilities of a daughter at home, and was devoting the whole of her time and energy to a work which, though excellent in itself, did not, under her peculiar circumstances, possess a primary claim upon her efforts and attention. She longed to speak her thoughts, yet feared it might give offence. At length, however, Harriet herself introduced the subject by saying: "Do you know, Julia, I shall be quite overwhelmed with work when I get well. This illness makes things get sadly into arrears, and I have so many matters to look after."

Julia was silent for a moment, and then said quietly: "You have undertaken a great deal, Harriet; your time, I should think, must be entirely occupied with out-door duties."

"Oh, quite," replied Harriet, with a little self-complacency; "I have been obliged to give up all my studies, and music and drawing as well, and I hardly find time to keep my clothes in decent order. Mamma is often obliged to help me a little, when I get very much behind-hand."

"Poor Mrs. Clifford!" thought Julia, "how hard it is that, with her delicate health and large family, she not only receives no help from her eldest daughter, but is actually expected to work for her."

There was a long silence, during which each young lady was occupied with her own reflections. At last Harriet said: "Julia, does it not appear to you a Christian duty to be engaged in public works of usefulness?"

"Certainly, dear Harriet, if we are not neglecting anything at home; but with regard to myself, I feel that home and its inmates have the first claim upon me; since mamma has been such an invalid, and so frequently unable to exert herself in a domestic way, a great deal has necessarily fallen upon me; and I assure you, Harriet, it is one of my sweetest pleasures to know that my presence and exertions really relieve and comfort her. It seems to me," continued Julia, with a little diffidence, "that our parents, after all the care and expense they have bestowed upon us, have a right to expect some return for their kindness and love; and how can we better repay them than by showing piety at home, and sharing in their labours and anxieties?"

Harriet was struck with these remarks; she was neither selfish nor unfeeling, but she had mistaken her mission, and, with the very laudable desire of assisting in the great work of disseminating truth, she had overlooked the prior claims of her own fireside.*

* It ought not to be forgotten that if there is a class like Harriet Clifford, whose zeal in good works requires to be regulated and restrained, it is, after all, a small class in comparison with the far more numerous one which requires to be roused from a state of selfish apathy, often thinly disguised under the plea of family duties, and urged to lend support and personal exertion to Christian Institutions languishing for want of such assistance.

Another week found Julia at home again, to the great delight of herself and every one around her. It was the beginning of February; but the weather was unusually mild and pleasant for the season of the year, and early spring flowers were already in bloom. "How pleasant it is to be at home again," thought Julia, as she lay down in her own bed, on the first night of her return. "How sweet and fresh the sheets smell, so different to the linen in London."

It was a clear, bright night, and as the moonbeams shone into her room, making every article of furniture distinctly visible, she lay awake, pondering over her long London visit, and the different scenes through which she had passed. Every character she had met with passed in review before her. The timid, sensitive Emily Grey, and her rough but kind-hearted uncle; the gay and fascinating Mrs. Lever, and her patient enduring husband; the Cliffords, with their large family, and Harriet with her never-ending labours. Sleep at last quietly stole over her senses and lulled them to repose, and she remained in one unbroken slumber till roused by the pattering of little feet, and the merry voices of the children.

As Julia had now arrived at that age when young ladies look upon visiting and receiving visits as among the greatest enjoyments of life, she received many invitations from the different families in the neighbourhood, of her own rank in life. But neither Julia nor her parents courted much visiting or company-seeing. She had too many sweet home pleasures and pleasant domestic duties, to make her very desirous of mixing much in society. The circle of well-chosen friends who occasionally met round her father's table were like-minded with himself, and on this account, as well as for their own individual worth, Julia loved and respected them, and delighted in their society. Among these was a gentleman of the name of Curtis, who had been a school-fellow of Mr. Cunningham's, and who had married rather late in life. Julia had seen but little of Mrs. Curtis, who had a young family, and devoted herself entirely to her children; but from the little she had seen of her, she thought her a very pleasant, kind-hearted woman, and a very fond mother. Mrs. Curtis had often asked her to tea, but something hitherto had always prevented her going. In the beginning of spring, however, a day was fixed, and Julia was begged to come quite early, that they might have a long evening together. Julia promised to do so; and on the afternoon in question she set out for her walk to Mr. Curtis's house.

It was a balmy spring day, and the walk was a very pleasant one. Julia's heart felt gay and happy; she loved spring, and, as she lightly tripped along, she was full of thankfulness for the many blessings which had been showered upon her path. At the end of half an hour she reached her destination. It was a large and rather old-fashioned family house, betokening ease and comfort, but nothing approaching to luxury. Julia pulled the heavy hall-door bell, and its loud and long peal brought a smiling cherry-cheeked damsel to the entrance; peeping from behind her skirt was a light-haired, blue-eyed little urchin, with

rather a dirty face, and a still dirtier pinafore. Julia spoke pleasantly to him, and then stepped into the hall. The housemaid ushered her into a large dining-room, in which Mrs. Curtis was sitting on a low chair, with a little work-table before her, very busily engaged in making a white frock; a fine fat baby was crawling on the carpet, and stretching out its chubby arm to reach a rattle. Mrs. Curtis jumped up when Julia entered, and hastily exclaimed: "My dear Miss Cunningham, I had no idea it was you; why, it must be later than I thought (looking at her watch); dear, dear, it's five o'clock; I've been so busy trying to finish this frock, that the time slipped by; but do come up-stairs and take off your things," she added, catching up the baby. "Oh! Dicky, Dicky, what a dirty pinafore, and clean on this afternoon too. Where have you been? Come with mamma and have your face washed."

Julia felt a little uncomfortable—she feared she had come before she was expected: but little Mrs. Curtis seemed to take everything so easily, and appeared withal so very glad to see her, that she was fain to take all in good part, and with a smiling face followed her hostess.

"There's Fanny," said Mrs. Curtis, as a pretty little girl with a head of curly hair darted across the landing; "come here, darling, and speak to Miss Cunningham." Fanny put her finger in her mouth, and shyly coming forward, gave Julia her cheek to kiss.

"Have you been to Mary, love?" asked Mrs. Curtis of her little daughter.

"Yes," said Fanny, pouting her pretty lips. "Then take Miss Cunningham into the spare room, dear, and if you like you can stay with her till she's ready to go down-stairs, and then mamma can dress baby."

Fanny hung down her head, but took Julia's proffered hand, and led the way to the spare room. The bed was covered with children's clothes of every description—the baby's hat and feathers, Dicky's new velvet tunic, and coats and frocks without number. Fanny stood still at the window, looking into the garden, and now and then stealing a glance at Julia from under her long curls. She was a very pretty child; but Julia fancied she looked spoiled, and as if she had been accustomed to a great deal of notice.

When they left the bed-room the merry-looking housemaid was waiting at the top of the stairs to show Julia into the drawing-room. "I should think the children must be everything here," thought Julia, as she noticed the quantity of costly toys, some of them sadly broken and defaced. "Every room in the house seems given up to them." In a few moments Mrs. Curtis came in with the baby in her arms, dressed in a clean white frock, beautifully worked, and followed by Dicky, arrayed in his velvet tunic. There was so much of the mother in every look and word of Mrs. Curtis, and she seemed so entirely to forget herself in her devotion to her children, that Julia could not help loving the good-tempered little woman, though she thought her sadly too indulgent a parent.

It was next to impossible to carry on anything like conversation; for, in the first place, the children were continually getting into mischief, and had to be alternately coaxed, reprov'd, and threat-

ened; and in the next place, Mrs. Curtis seemed to have no ideas but what were in some way or other connected with her maternal relationship. She was evidently wrapped up in her children, to the exclusion of everything else—"making herself a slave to them," as old Mrs. Gardener sometimes told her.

"What a nice, pleasant-looking young woman your housemaid is," said Julia.

"Yes," said Mrs. Curtis, as she pulled up the baby's sock; "but you wouldn't believe how careless and thoughtless she is, and so fond of sweet-hearts; but then she's kind to the children, and that makes me put up with it. I always tell my servants when I hire them, that everything in this house gives way to the children."

"I wonder," thought Julia, "if Mr. Curtis has to give way to them too." Her conclusions were here interrupted by the entrance of the identical gentleman, who, after warmly shaking hands with her, sat down in his easy-chair, and complained of being very much fatigued. Julia expressed her sympathy, but Mrs. Curtis was too much taken up with adjusting the baby's frock to hear what her husband said. In the meantime Fanny and Dicky were quarrelling about a Noah's ark, which both wanted to get possession of; Mr. Curtis was trying to make Julia understand that a certain famous astronomer was about to deliver a set of lectures at the town-hall, but the contentions of the young disputants were so noisy that she could comprehend nothing. At last Mr. Curtis, irritated and annoyed, exclaimed: "My dear, isn't it time for the children to go into the nursery?"

"They'll go soon, dear," said Mrs. Curtis, with unmoved equanimity. "Here's Jane coming in with tea. Fanny, love, ring the bell for Mary." But Fanny was out of temper, and would not do as her mother desired. "Thank you, Miss Cunningham," said Mrs. Curtis, as Julia rose from her seat. "Oh Fanny, darling, that's naughty; you should do as mamma bids." Fanny had heard this a hundred times before, but the admonition had never been enforced, and consequently had lost its effect. When the bell was rung, Dicky (who knew what it was for) crept under the table, and there was a long struggle and a loud cry before Mary could drag him out and carry him upstairs. "Mayn't I stay down and have tea here?" whispered Fanny to her mother, when Dicky had left the room. Mrs. Curtis urged a faint remonstrance, but it was overruled by her persevering little daughter, who gained her point, and Jane was directed to bring the high chair and place Miss Fanny upon it. Mr. Curtis, who foresaw the consequences, did not look pleased with this arrangement; he wanted to have a little quiet talk with Julia, whose intelligence and sprightliness he much admired. Mr. Curtis was a man of extensive reading and much general information. Julia had often listened to his conversations with her father with delight and interest; but conversation was quite out of the question on the present occasion, for no embargo was laid upon Fanny's tongue, which would make itself heard in spite of her mother's constant remonstrances—"Don't talk so much, Fanny, love; see, you interrupt papa; sit still, darling, and try to be quiet; what do you want, dear? a bit of cake? yes," etc., etc.

There is nothing more unpleasant and annoying to visitors than the continual interruptions of ill-trained, disorderly children, and the unceasing but ineffectual reproofs of a weak and indulgent mother. It drives a gentleman to despair; and even if the children are his own, and his paternal predilections incline him to forbearance, he still feels annoyed and ashamed that his own anticipations of a little pleasant and social intercourse should be disappointed, and his friends disturbed and disgusted. Children are delightful in their place, and a charming source of pleasure and interest; but they are certainly not in their place when their wild, unrestrained spirits and untutored manners disturb a circle of well-bred visitors, too polite to exhibit any signs of annoyance even at the wildest outbreaks.

Julia hoped that when tea was over and the table was cleared, Fanny would be despatched to the nursery, but she was mistaken. Mrs. Curtis liked her children to have the full benefit of a visitor's praises and admiration, and accordingly Dicky and the baby both made their appearance again, and the next hour was a scene of mischief and rudeness among the children, foolish indulgence on the part of the mother, and undisguised vexation with Mr. Curtis. At last the riot became unbearable, and even Mrs. Curtis herself despaired of restoring anything like order. The children were therefore coaxed up to bed by the promise of "something nice" in the nursery, the mother accompanying them.

Poor Mr. Curtis could not but draw a comparison in his own mind between the well-trained intelligent little Cunninghames and his own ill-managed children. He felt ashamed that Julia should have been a witness of such misrule and disorder, and for some moments he remained without speaking, after his wife and children had left the room. But he loved a little sensible talk, and there was a brilliancy and freshness in Julia's ideas and remarks which had often delighted him. In a few minutes the temporary shade of vexation had passed from his brow, and he was listening to her animated account of something she had seen in London. In about half an hour Mrs. Curtis returned; and as if to prove that the children, though out of sight, were not out of mind, she produced a basket of little socks, and, drawing her small work-table towards her, prepared to mend them, at the same time talking good-naturedly to Julia about the superiority of knitted socks over wove ones.

"I only wish I could knit myself, and I would buy no more; they are gone directly."

"You should have learnt to knit before you were married, my dear," said Mr. Curtis, looking up from a book on geology, and smiling rather archly.

"And whose fault was it that I didn't learn?" merrily retorted his wife. "Just when my mother was going to teach me, you came knocking at the door and hindered her."

This was unanswerable; and, after a hearty laugh, Mr. Curtis returned to his book again, leaving his wife and Julia to entertain each other. While the former was in the midst of telling her visitor that the scarlet fever was in the neighbourhood, and that she was very anxious lest her

children should take the infection, a distant cry was heard in the nursery, and Mrs. Curtis, hastily jumping up and overturning her work-table, darted up-stairs to find out why baby was crying. While she was absent, the carriage came to the door for Julia, who in ten minutes was on her way home. As she rode along, her thoughts very naturally retraced the events of the evening.

"Poor Mrs. Curtis!" she said to herself; "no one can doubt her devotion to her children, and her anxiety to make them happy; but surely she must be mistaken in her management, or they could never have become so rude and ill-behaved. And Mr. Curtis, too, how uncomfortable his home must be! he must feel himself quite neglected sometimes; and, fond as he is of intelligent society, must be afraid to ask his friends to see him, lest his own children should worry and disturb them."

Here Julia's reflections ended; but the impression which her visit to Mrs. Curtis had left upon her mind did not pass away. It led her to think more highly of her mother's admirable and successful management, by the excellent working of which both husband and children received a full share of her thoughts and attention.

THE REDBREAST.

THOSE who are truly lovers of Nature rejoice as much in the sweet sounds and harmonies of woods and fields, as in their pleasant sights. The ear is said to be the most intellectual of all our organs; and assuredly we are receiving every moment by its means both delight and improvement. God has so ordained this material world, as that it shall offer us continually objects fitted to soothe and elevate our spirits, and to lead us to the contemplation of himself. Few who have lingered in copse or meadow, by the sea-shore or the rippling stream, but have felt themselves impressed with cheerful or solemn emotions as they listened to the melodies of Nature. The rain which comes with its gentle patterings upon the leaves, the soft rustling of the wind-swept corn, the murmuring of the waters among the sedges, the gliding of the clear stream over the pebbles, and the whispering winds and stormy gusts which rush among the boughs, or stir the wild waves of the sea, have each a music of their own, and are ministers of delight to us. And the song of birds! Beautifully does the inspired writer conclude his vivid picture of spring-time, by describing it as the season when the singing of birds is come. How gleeful, how joyous are some notes! how touching and plaintive are others! Now there comes forth from the boughs such an outpouring of gladness, that the saddest wanderer in the woods may feel a momentary sympathy with joy; and now comes some gentle note, so like the tone of a lament, that he is ready to pause and pity. We can seldom catch the melody so as to reduce it to the tones of our musical instruments. The notes are all too rapid, their pauses too uncertain, and most are pitched too high to be reached by our instruments of greatest compass; so that the song of the birds remains peculiarly their own. We wonder not that the enthusiastic naturalist who lives

among them, listens to their songs till he fancies that the birds are intentionally singing their morning or evening hymns to their great Creator. Assuredly they are praising him, though they know it not; for of every flower and leaf, and waving tree and singing bird, the Psalmist said, "All thy works praise thee."

In few spots of earth are the woods more musical with the singing of birds than in our land; and the traveller who has delighted himself among the far brighter and more luxuriant vegetation of the American forests, feels how much richer are our humbler woodlands in their songs. The robin, the favourite of our childhood, is the bird which sings there during the longest season; for though these birds are most familiar to us in the garden and near the dwelling-houses, both in spring and winter, yet their favourite haunts are in woods and forests of great extent, where they may sing among the embowering foliage.

In spring, when the thrushes and blackbirds and linnets and goldfinches and chaffinches and blackcaps are forming a concert, their notes extinguish the soft and weaker ones of the robin; but when autumnal winds have swept away the sheltering leaves, the redbreasts are the chief singers; and later yet, when naked branches stand out against the cold blue sky, when other birds have retreated to their winter haunts, or have winged their way afar, or have perished in the woods, the song of the robin remains to cheer us. And when the snow has covered up all sources of nourishment, we hear it more and more, as the bird approaches more frequently the dwellings of man. Few persons are fully aware of the vocal powers of our pretty bird. The remarks of a writer on this subject, in the "Magazine of Natural History," are very just. "I have frequently," he says, "heard this bird sing in a manner to do honour to its connection with the nightingale, when it has been disputed whether or not it could be the robin. I would at any time silence the finished song of the chaffinch, in three distinct parts, to listen to the mellow notes of my warm-hearted friend, the robin. I doubt if there be any other bird I should prefer to the nightingale."

It is not only for the rich red plumage on its breast, or its sparkling black eye, or even for its "wood-notes wild," that we love the robin; it is that because, more than any other of our wild birds, it is friendly with man. Nor have the old traditions been without their influence in maintaining a friendly feeling towards this bird. That popular ancient ballad of "The Children in the Wood," whose simple pathos still brings the tear into the eye of listening childhood, has done much to render the robin a privileged bird. Children in country places have a number of old rhymes and sayings, indicating that this little creature is under the especial care of the Almighty. They originated in days of superstition, and are believed only in villages far from towns, where, however, the wildest peasant boy spares the robin's nest, under the idea that a broken limb would be the consequence of taking it. Still in these places children listen to the old ballad, which tells of the injured babes:—

"Their pretty lips with black-berries
Were all besmeared and dyed;

And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

"No burial, this pretty pair,
Of any man receives;
Till robin redbreast, painfully,
Did cover them with leaves."

The notion that the redbreasts performed the last sad offices for the friendless dead, is referred to in other old poems. Thus a pretty though fanciful funeral dirge, written by John Webster, about the year 1630, has an allusion to it:—

"Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

"Call unto his funeral dole,
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillock that shall keep him warm,
And when gay tombs are robbed, sustain no harm.

"But keep the wolf far hence, that foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked too near, have neither heat nor light."

Would that the robin held everywhere the charmed life that it does in many of our rural places. Its sweet singing and friendly ways will not, however, secure it against the epicures of other lands. During the autumn the robin, like other insectivorous birds, feeds chiefly on fruits and juicy berries, and the flesh then becomes tender and delicate. In many parts of France it is taken at this season for food. In the luxuriant myrtle-groves of Scio and some other of the Greek islands, the birdcatcher takes the robins by dozens, and sells them. When in Italy, Mr. Waterton saw redbreasts to be sold at the bird-market near the Rotunda, at Rome. "I have counted," said this naturalist, "more than fifty robin redbreasts lying dead on one stall. 'Is it possible,' said I to the vender, 'that you can kill and eat these pretty songsters?' 'Yes,' said he with a grin, 'and if you will take a dozen of them home for your dinner to-day, you will come back for two dozen to-morrow.'"

The robin is an early riser. Some naturalists say that he is even up before that type of early-rising, the lark; for this sky-loving bird wakes just after dawn, and the robin is stirring a short while before it. Certainly this bird is one of the latest to roost in the evening. It rarely sings, however, after twilight. There are times when its singing may be regarded as a sure promise of coming sunshine; for if its voice can be heard from the bough in summer, at the close of a day of unsettled weather, we may be certain that the cheerful sound foretells good. We do not listen now to a chorus of singing redbreasts with the sad superstitions of older days, when cottagers believed that it foretold the death of some one near. All listen to it with pleasure, whether it is a matin or evening song—such pleasure as Clare describes:—

"The mavis-thrush, with wild delight,
Upon the orchard's dripping tree,
Mutters, to see the day so bright,
Fragments of young hope's poesy:
And oft dame stops her buzzing wheel,
To hear the robin's note once more;
Who tootles, while he pecks his meal,
From sweet-briar hips behind the door."

All who have lived in the country have seen the familiarity with which, during the winter, the redbreast approaches the presence of man, growing bolder and bolder as ice and snow thicken on the ground; tapping at the window pane, as if to ask for crumbs; flying in front of us, if a clear day invites us to a walk in field or garden; now hopping so near us that we think to catch it with the hand, and then flying a little way off, holding its head on one side, as if listening, and watching us all the time with its brightest of eyes. The writer of these pages had during one winter a robin, which slept nightly, and took its morning and evening meal in her bedroom. It would come in at the open window just before dark, and after eating the crumbs laid ready for it, would hop about until inclined to roost. A curtain-rod served for its nightly perch, and long before it was time for his friend to rise, the redbreast had taken its breakfast, and was awaiting the open window to join its companions. But spring came round, and the green covered earth was rich with leaves and flowers, and insects crawled from their winter homes, and Robin needed no longer either food or shelter, but was away to sing his song in the woods. Thomson has exactly described the redbreast's actions, when coming to us for aid:—

"One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats, then brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet."

The robin sometimes, in consequence of its friendly disposition, chooses even to place its nest in our immediate neighbourhood. A pair of these birds once built their nest in a small saw-pit. There, amid the daily noise of the saw close by it, they reared their young, and seemed fearless of harm. Care was doubtless taken by those whose protection they had chosen, not to touch the eggs, for the redbreast generally forsakes them if interfered with. The writer had two robins, which in one spring built a nest in a watering-pot, hung upon a garden-post. Finding this to afford a pleasant home, they returned in the spring following, and built there again. Probably the birds might have chosen this for their dwelling during successive years, had not a friend unadvisedly taken out the unfledged nestlings for examination. In a few days the parent birds contrived to get their young ones away, and they returned no more.

Robins have been known to commence building in libraries, spreading the withered leaves among the old folios and quartos; and an instance is recorded in which a pair made their nest in the festoons of the hangings of a bed. The Rev. W. T. Bree communicated to a magazine, some years since, a singular anecdote of the choice of a place for their home made by redbreasts. "A few years ago," says this writer, "a pair of robins took up their abode in the parish church of Hamp-

ton-in-Arden, Warwickshire, and for two years in succession affixed their nest to the church Bible, as it lay on the reading-desk. The worthy vicar would on no account have the birds disturbed, and accordingly introduced into the church another Bible, from which to read the lessons. A question has been facetiously asked, whether these birds were not guilty of sacrilege—not so much on account of the daring liberty they had taken with the sacred volume, as for having plundered the rope-ends out of the belfrey, wherewith to construct their habitation. Be this as it may, the old women of the village took it into their heads that the circumstance of the robin's building on the Bible was highly ominous, and foreboded no good to the vicar. It so happened that he died in the month of June, of the second year of the bird's building in the church—an event which, no doubt, confirmed the old women in their superstition."

The places, however, in which redbreasts usually make their nests are solitary spots under the thick boughs of bushes, or among the roots of trees, or in the tufts of green ivy which encircle them, or which hang over the old wall. The nest is composed externally of moss, mingled with hair or feathers and oak leaves. Willoughby says that there are some redbreasts which, after building this nest, cover it with accumulated leaves, and under this mass leave a narrow oblique entrance, which they stop up with a leaf on going out. In this they lay from five to seven whitish eggs, spotted with reddish brown. Oh! harm them not; not because God loves the robin better than any other bird, but because he loved them all, when he made them so bright and joyous, and prescribed in the law of Moses concerning them: "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way, in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, thou shalt in anywise let the dam go, and take the young to thee." And God loved us too, when he bid us care for the claims of every living thing, and thus to cherish loving and gentle hearts.

The attachment which these birds have for each other is often exhibited in the most pleasing manner. Mr. Yarrell quotes the account of one which was caught and caged by the editor of the "Naturalist," during winter. "It was," this writer tells us, "attended constantly by its mate for some weeks after its captivity. If any one came near the cage, the male bird retreated very unwillingly, and if wholly excluded from the room in which the little prisoner was placed, it would wail most piteously and unceasingly. But the affectionate instinct of the little bird was at length too sorely tried. After a time it came to visit its companion less frequently, and at last its visits ceased altogether."

But our robin does not always deserve praise for lovely dispositions. It is among the most pugnacious of birds. Like the nightingale, it lays claim to a particular spot, and will most vigorously resist any intrusion; so that the old Latin proverb, "Two robins cannot dwell in one bush," is true enough. Nor can its warfare be said to be always on the defensive side; it will attack other birds sometimes without any provocation, and will

combat with them, with a violence which renders it quite insensible to its own danger. Mr. Thompson mentions a case of two robins which began fighting in one of the most frequented parts of the town of Margate. They struggled together, and fell at the feet of the passengers, rose in the air, still fighting, and finally fell into the harbour. Their rage even then surpassed their sense of danger, and they were taken out of the water clinging most pertinaciously to each other.

The same writer mentions another incident of a still more singular nature, which occurred at the close of September, 1835. He observes, that he is particular in recording the date, because he never noticed this pugnacity in any season but the autumn. "I heard," he says, "a robin warbling in a tree in a small garden adjoining my house, and wishing to excite its attention, I placed on the window-sill a beautifully stuffed specimen of this bird, which was soon perceived. The song became louder and louder, and at longer strains, as if sounding a challenge. Presently he made a flight of inspection as far as the window, which, after an interval, was repeated, but in the shape of an attack. So violent was it, that he threw the stuffed bird to the ground from the height of two stories, pursuing it as it fell, and attacking it violently when down. I then perched it on an empty box standing in the yard, the live bird remaining within a yard of him while I was doing so; and the moment I withdrew a few paces, he renewed the charge with such obstinacy, that I could easily have caught him, and on my recovering the stuffed bird he resumed his place on the box, strutting about with an expanded tail, and an erect attitude, as if claiming and pronouncing a victory. Shortly after, on noticing the bird to be still hovering about the neighbourhood, I replaced my specimen on the window-sill, securing the stand by a brad-awl; and hardly had I done so, before the robin resumed the war, by settling on the head of his unconscious foe, digging and pecking at it with the greatest rage and violence. I then interfered, and removed the object of strife; but the robin kept watch in the neighbourhood during the rest of the day, and was singing his triumphs even in the shades of evening."

The redbreast is found all over Europe, from Spain and Italy to Sweden, and is very generally diffused over England, Ireland, and Wales, having in almost every land some familiar name of endearment, won for it by its coaxing, winning ways. Though more seen by us in winter, because its necessities bring it to us, yet it inhabits this country at all seasons. Indeed robin is to be met with anywhere. Only walk into the garden and begin to break up the ground, and he is there in a minute to seize any poor little worm which may make its appearance; walk into the winter forest, there he is on the naked bough, ready to hail your presence with a soft chirp, and if you whistle him a tune or sing a merry air, the little listening bird seems well to love the melody, and will follow you through the wood as if in hopes of another song. The red plumage which gives the redbreast his name, also suggested its old name of "raddock," which is still retained in some counties, and is evidently a corruption of redcock. But the bird loses nearly all this characteristic colour during

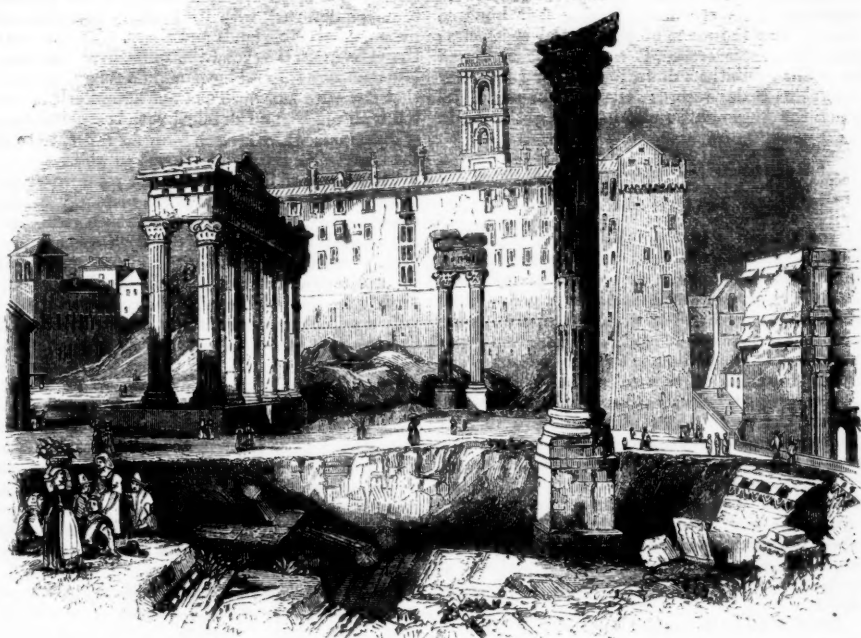
summer, and it is not till the approach of autumn that it appears in its full beauty. Pliny said that the robin had only its red breast in winter, but that it became a fire-tail in summer. A white robin was caught in June, 1825, in the garden of the rectory at Writhlington, near Radstock. Its eyes were red, its legs and bill yellow. Captain Brown also saw a white robin with red eyes.

Of the birds of this species, some do not quit their native country, while others prepare for their departure at the period when the red colour begins to appear in the breast of the young. Unlike other birds, which migrate in large parties, uniting as swallows do in joyous and noisy companies, the redbreast makes a solitary flight.

A DAY IN OLD ROME.

THE first few days in Rome, especially to those who have their expectations highly raised, must be a disappointment—a sort of *disillusionment*, if we may coin that term—which is rather unpleasant. The filth, the squalor, the wretchedness of much of the modern city; the narrow, tortuous streets, from which the traveller might fancy himself in some poor little provincial town; and, above all, the agonies of lodging-hunting, nowhere so distressing as at Rome when Holy Week is drawing nigh; the dirty approaches to even princely apartments; the lying and cheating that have to be undergone—all conspire to bring down the most fervid enthusiasm to zero. But judge not from appearances; these impressions will ere long wear off, and the most dissatisfied will succumb to that magic influence which makes most persons who have been to Rome look back on the days spent there as some of the brightest in their lives, filling them with a yearning desire to repeat their visit.

Settled at last in comfortable rooms at the Hotel d'A—, on a lovely summer day, we felt ourselves free to take a walk through the old city. Emerging from the Via Condotti, with its mosaic and curiosity shops, and stands of delicious bouquets of violets and camelias, arranged as flowers only are arranged in Italy, we turned up the gay Corso, with its long line of palaces, and passed into Trajan's Forum. Raphael said, three hundred years ago, that modern Rome was built with the remains of ancient Rome. Certainly the existing city is built upon the old one, in many cases twenty feet above it. It has therefore been necessary to excavate this forum and inclose it with a railing, so that you look down on rows of truncated columns, *débris* of entablature, and pieces of marble pavement. These remains evidently run underneath the road; but as there are two churches in the way, the Pope will not excavate any further. In the centre rises the monumental column of Trajan, the most beautiful in the world. The white marble is covered with bas-reliefs, preserved by this wonderful climate as clear and distinct as on the day they were chiselled. The bas-reliefs ascend the column in a spiral line, and represent all the scenes in the emperor's military life. At the top they are double the size they are at the bottom, increasing in dimensions as they retire further from the eye. On the summit stood



RELICS OF ANCIENT ROME.

the colossal statue of Trajan, holding the globe which contained his ashes—

“Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars.”

What a strange fancy! though he of all Roman emperors best merited such an honour. Yet his reign, alas! is stained by cruel persecutions of the Christians.

After this, we proceeded through narrow and crooked streets, ere long stumbling on a most graceful ruined temple—that of Pallas—so strangely familiar, as in truth all Rome is, from pictures and descriptions, that it seemed as if we must have seen the place before in some state of pre-existence. Then there loomed upon us some gigantic arches, and, exclaiming “The Coliseum!” we hurried on; but no, it was the Basilica of Constantine, consisting of three enormous arches, the ivy clinging to their walls, and the blue sky peering like eyes through the rents in the roof. Getting rid of the ciceroni who came to offer their services, and resolving to come again at some future time to explore this building, we pressed on to other ruins; but we could not look at them or think of them; for right in front—this time there was no mistake—rose the wondrous fabric of the Coliseum, that ruin of ruins. I ran on, stood on the steps of the cross in the centre, and then sat down to wonder and admire.

What a strange feeling it is, the complete realization of a long-cherished hope! My first emo-

tion was, I think, as much surprise that I found myself there, as marvel at what I beheld. How long had this spectacle been my day-dream! for this is the real Rome. I have always had in my mind’s eye—not the Corso with its lordly palaces and gay loungers, not St. Peter’s even, and its beautiful piazza, but the Rome of ruin and association—and here it is. The building, though so familiar, is different from what I had imagined it—larger, grander, less ruined, more beautiful every way; for I had not expected such vivid colouring. I thought of the smoke-dyed, weather-stained, sad-coloured ruins of our own country, and what a contrast was here! Past centuries have dyed the stone (principally travertine) a golden yellow or a rich ruddy brown, which harmonises well with the luxuriant vegetation, bushes, young trees, and countless varieties of wild flowers with which the old stones are mantled. The architecture is a perpetual succession of arches, arch on arch, springing up to a great height. Many of the galleries are perfectly entire, as are also some of the dens where the wild beasts were kept. The seats are nearly all destroyed, but the plan of the building is easily made out. Probably it is more impressive in its ruined state than when perfect. So vast an edifice on so uniform a scale may have been rather monotonous; but now that no two parts are alike, and that the verdure covers it like a garment, it is as diversified and artistic as any one could wish.

No place has had more vicissitudes than this;

its history is an epitome of that of Rome during eighteen hundred years. Founded by Vespasian, finished by Titus, A.D. 80—ten years after the fall of Jerusalem—thousands of captive Jews were employed in its erection. During four hundred years it was the scene of gladiatorial spectacles; and when these ceased, it was occasionally used for public exhibitions down to the year 1332. Our venerable Bede records the well-known lines which the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims brought home in his day:—

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
When Rome falls, the world."

It was a fortress in the middle ages, taken and retaken by turbulent nobles and Norman invaders. After that it became a convenient quarry, from which Roman princes built their palaces—those of St. Mark, the Farnese, and the Barberini being entirely erected from its spoils. Utilitarian popes next endeavoured to turn it to some account; one trying to make it a woollen factory; another spending some thousands of scudi in an attempt to convert the arcades into shops; a third to turn it into a saltpetre manufactory, till a century ago Benedict XIV came to the rescue, and consecrated it to the memory of the Christian martyrs. Since then it has been intact, and kept in far better order than any other Roman ruin. French sentinels are placed as material guarantees for its preservation, and there seems every probability of its lasting as long as Rome at least, if not as the world.

What shifting fortunes it has had! I tried to think how the old place must have looked in its pristine glory. Now sweeps by the toga-clad procession; the emperor and his liegions; the vestal virgins, led to the seat of honour; the knights and senators in all their pomp; the countless thousands of the humbler class! How magnificent the scene must have been! and then the vast arena bristles with life, and such life! Unhappy men, condemned to slay each other for a people's pastime, or timid and defenceless captives, whose death-groans, as they are torn in pieces by ferocious beasts, are to amuse spectators, no less ferocious, who sit round. Such a retrospect makes us feel thankful that the Coliseum is a ruin—that these horrors are of the past; and we feel grateful, too, for the sublime moral and the refreshing associations which this spot recalls; for this is consecrated ground. Here hundreds of Christians have suffered, bled, and won the palm of martyrdom, trampling under foot the world with its terrors and allurements.

We mounted to the summit by the staircase made near the old hermitage, enjoying from it the most beautiful views of ancient Rome. It is fortunate that the ruins are in comparative isolation, amidst gardens and vineyards, removed from the dirt and meanness of the modern town. The trees, too, which grow among the massive fragments, are well suited to them, and assist in giving that southern character to the landscape which is so fresh and fascinating to Northern eyes. The stone pine, with its compact head of dark branches, so unlike its gnarled brothers of the north; the funeral cypress, which here attains the dignity of a

stately tree, raising its spire of dismal green to the height of thirty or forty feet; and then the palms (for two of these graceful trees grow opposite, on the slope of the Palatine, in the Septizodium of Severus), with its feathery branches and memories of Bible lands and times. To the south the view extends beyond the walls, over the desolate Campagna, to a blue mountain range, speckled that day with snow. The Campagna itself is dotted with tombs, and streaked with branching lines of aqueducts, which stretch away for miles, to fetch the pure water the Romans loved so well.

There are two drawbacks to the pleasure we feel in the Coliseum: the first is the noise. I cannot conceive why, of all places, the French commandant should have selected the open space immediately round the building for the practising ground of the drummer-boys in the French garrison. In the middle of the day there is generally a small regiment of them, each with his drum tied to a tree, practising entirely for himself, quite independently of his neighbours. The din is dreadful, especially as, the drum being the instrument *par excellence* of the French, they beat it with surprising force and energy. The other drawback is more important, as being a sign that error and superstition have crept into the faith for which the martyrs died. Tawdry altars and stations round the arena represent the passion of our Lord; while there is a cross in the centre, with the placard fixed over it, "An indulgence of two hundred days for every kiss."

We return home to rest; but the afternoon comes round, and, as much remains to be seen, we must start again. Passing by the ruins of the fountain of the Meta Sudans, where the gladiators bathed after their labours, and leaving the Arch of Constantine on the left—up the *via sacra*, with the lofty ruins of the Caesar's Palace on the Palatine on one side, and on the other a wilderness of shapeless brickwork, fallen columns, and sculptured frieze—we come to the highest part, where the Arch of Titus spans the way. The arch is plain, and grand in its simplicity, not possessing much decoration on the external façades; but in the sides, under the arch, are the well-known bas-reliefs, representing the triumph of the emperor after his return from Judea. The bas-reliefs are undoubtedly copied from the originals; and it is with a strange feeling that one gazes on the representation of things that were made most probably from the pattern given to Moses by the Lord. It seems to render the Bible history so real, to bring it actually home to our minds, and is one of the many evidences of the literal truth of the sacred page.

Standing beneath the Arch of Titus, the Roman Forum lies spread out before us—ruins, ruins everywhere. In this narrow valley, between the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, are crowded the relics of some nine or ten temples, besides basilicas, arches, and columns. For three centuries it has been the battle-field of the antiquaries, the name of each fragment being as hotly contested as if it were some great question of politics or morals; all the ruins have in the above space of time changed their designations some dozen times. There are instances on record of zealous antiquarians, who have devoted themselves, as it were, to one ruin,

and have made the study of its origin and the history of its vicissitudes the object of their lives. But it only interests great scholars whether a particular temple is that of Concord or Saturn, of Jupiter Tonans or Vespasian, and to most of the travellers who flock to Rome, such matters are not of the slightest importance. In fact, Lord Byron's

"Nameless column with the buried base"

has positively suffered in interest from the Duchess of Devonshire having caused it to be dug up. The buried inscription showed that it was erected in the last days of the Empire, to the honour of the Emperor Phocas, a tyrant only inferior to Nero in cruelty. In the beginning of this century, the Forum was covered with grass, while trees and vines grew among the ruins; now all these have disappeared; the ground is broken up, much more of the buildings laid open, and new ones discovered. The place has probably lost in beauty, as the yawning chasms left by the excavations are by no means ornamental.

The most interesting ruins lie immediately round the Capitol, which, crowned with palaces, forms the background of the picture. Part even of the old road remains, and the Clivus Capitolinus, which the victorious generals and their legions may have trod, as they mounted to their triumph. To the right is the arch of Septimius Severus; the columns in the centre formed part of the Temple of Vespasian, and the eight Ionic columns on the left belonged to the Temple of Saturn. The solitary pillar in the foreground is that of Phocas, already alluded to. Behind all is the palace of the Senator, partly dating from the middle ages, and raised on the ancient Tabularium, built by Scipio Nasica in the days of the Republic, as a sort of record office, for preserving decrees of the Senate. Its Doric portico is now being cleared out, for the formation of an architectural museum.

The Forum has not the advantage of the Coliseum in its verdure, quietude, and good order; on certain days of the week it is the Smithfield of Rome, whence its modern name of Campo Vaccino, and is abandoned to filth and neglect. Nothing marks more clearly the fall of Rome from her ancient pride than the change that has come over a spot so memorable; where Virginia died, Curtius leaped into the gulf, the Gracchi harangued, Antony pronounced his oration over Caesar's dead body, and Cicero spoke; the place, in fine, where formerly the fate of empires was decided, and on whose decoration the spoils of kingdoms were lavished. There is yet another recollection connected with it; the Mamertine prison, where Paul languished, is close to the left of Septimius's Arch, and we thought of the "prisoner of the Lord," who had seen all this glory and splendour, and had probably been tried in these very courts of law, now only marked by a few fallen columns. The gospel he preached and died for has, however, outlived these monuments of an idolatrous creed; and, though Paul would probably scarcely recognise "the faith delivered to the saints" under the distortions of Romanism, it will eventually as surely overcome them as it did heathenism in the times of old.

We sat down to rest on a fragment of ruin, to

look at the buildings, and to watch the changing groups that passed us. How picturesque and un-English they were; ample materials indeed there were for many pictures. Here comes a wine-cart on two wheels, from Albano, very primitive in appearance, with a queer little screen of green boughs arranged on one side, to protect the olive-coloured driver from the sun. Then follows a team of the mouse-coloured oxen of the Campagna, gentle-looking creatures, with a Robinson Crusoe sort of driver, wearing shaggy sheepskin breeches, the wool on the outside. A detachment of priests now marches across to the church of St. Luke. Priests indeed walk about here, not in modest twos or threes, but a regiment at a time, in every variety of uniform, black, scarlet, or brown; some with shovel hats, some with none at all, and all with a step and air that show this to be the patrimony of St. Peter, and that they consider themselves the lords of the land. Next trots briskly by, on a well-bred little horse, the very model of a bandit; a dark, handsome man, his steeple hat adorned with ribbons, a short brown jacket and scarlet waistcoat, leather gaiters, breeches tied round with scarlet ribbon, a green scarf about his waist, with the handle of a poignard sticking out, while a carbine slung behind completes his costume. There are two women talking at a little distance, with bright coloured bodices, short, dark woollen shirts, and buckles in their shoes. One has a gay striped scarf round her head, the other the *tovaglia*, the national head-dress—a square of white linen, lying in a flat fold on the top of the head, fastened by pins run in the knot of hair behind, and hanging down to the shoulders. How fast they talk, and how they gesticulate! They must be quarrelling; no, they are only describing something that interests them. All Italians are born actors, and when excited, always accompany their words with motions of the hand and body. Nor must I omit the beggars. We soon found it impossible to sit down anywhere near dwellings, without being pestered with swarms of them; in fact, we once saw an old crone put her head and hand out of a two-story window, to beg of us who were passing in the street beneath. The only respite was while sketching; then the beggars became so interested, especially if we began to draw one of them, that they would gather behind us, and criticise, forgetting their trade for a time.

To escape from the beggars, we rise, and climb the steep steps to the Capitol. On reaching the top we find a small triangular piazza, surrounded with uninteresting *renaissance* palaces, and some ancient statues scattered about. One of the buildings, the museum of the Capitol, was open, and we went in. Here was quite a different scene; rooms crowded with well-dressed foreigners, our own language predominating, and a good deal of the nasal twang of our American cousins. There was a wealth of bas-relief and statuary, showing how great must have been the splendour of the adjoining temples. Among the most beautiful was the famous sitting statue of Agrippina, Nero's mother, in the most dignified attitude, every inch the empress; yet so easy and unconstrained, that one only wished it represented a better woman. Here, too, was the mosaic of

Pliny's doves, four birds drinking from a vase, made of natural stones so tiny, that there are 760 in one square inch. In another room is the bronze globe, Trajan's funeral urn, already referred to.

But we press on, for we know there is one statue beyond which rivets all eyes—the Dying Gladiator. It is not easy to imagine a sadder subject; it was right to see it immediately after leaving the Coliseum, for it showed what a savage thing this proud Roman empire was, and how meet that she should have sunk to rise no more. No cast, though it gives the general idea of the figure, at all conveys the expression, the dumb look of despair, the indescribable something which pervades it. Gazing at it, our eyes fill with tears. We seem to see the rude hut of the gladiator by the Danube, his children at play, while he is slaughtered to make a Roman holiday. We are moved as we are by no other statue, be its beauty ever so perfect. After this we can look on nothing else, and thread our way home through a maze of dirty lanes.

Looking back on the wealth of memories days like these have brought, I am reminded of the exclamation of an Italian lady, a day or two afterwards: "How I pity the Queen of England!"

"Pity," said I, wonderingly, "she is one of the most fortunate beings on the earth."

The answer came with something of the pride of the old Roman spirit, "Non vedra mai Roma"—"She will never see Rome."

THE SKETCHER IN LONDON.

A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP-WINDOW.

A PAWNBROKER'S shop-window has brought us up with a sudden pull on our morning perambulations, and fascinates us with its manifold contents. Where to begin our observations, that is the question. The *embarras de richesses* which has sprung from the embarrassments of poverty is so puzzling and perplexing, that it is next to impossible to make a choice. The window has a thousand voices waiting to speak—a thousand memorials which seem watching but to catch our eye to pour out the narrative of their sorrowful experience. These memorials are the hypotheated hostages left to guarantee the fulfilment of treaties which have all been violated, and abandoned to the uncompassionated destiny which avenges a forfeited pledge. Among them are the garments of both sexes and all ages, the personal trinkets and adornments of hopeful youth and fading age—books, the solace of the student and the companions of the solitary—musical instruments, the incentives to harmless mirth or delicious melancholy; watches, clocks, gold chains, necklaces, bracelets, brooches, snuff-boxes, work-boxes, writing-desks, surgical implements, mathematical and scientific instruments, microscopes, telescopes, and stereoscopes; knives, forks, spoons, and all the adjuncts of the dinner-table; and a thousand things besides, comprising everything "between a flat-iron and a diamond ring," both inclusive; not omitting an unsorted collection of workmen's tools condemned to rust for a while in base inaction through the misfortunes or follies of the quondam owners.

The pawnbroker's shop is the deep sea in which

all these mementoes and materials of former comfort and prosperity—the wrecks of foundered hopes—are swallowed up; and the pawnbroker's shop-window shows them strewn together in disordered heaps, like the spoils of the tempest in some coral cave of ocean. In dim, yet dazzling confusion, the inharmonious collection floats before the vision, and will not be disembarassed of the living forms and faces with which imagination connects each single item in the endless catalogue. Let us invite from the mass one or two forlorn specimens, and listen to their oracular voices. They will speak nothing but the truth now, though they may have helped to spread many a delusion in days that are gone. May we be the wiser for the revelations they impart!

The first that comes forward to be heard is a neat and elegant little dress of lavender-coloured silk. We feel assured by its timid rustle that it was not long ago a wedding dress, and so it proves. "Ah!" it says mournfully, "I little thought that I should ever come to this—I, who came into the world with such mystery and secrecy, and was received with such wonder and admiration. At my birth, down in Daisydell, the best and prettiest faces blushed and smiled; and when Patty put me on, and walked with Frank to the village church, the garden-flowers lay in my path, and roses, white and red, fell in showers upon every flounce. Then I rode in a carriage down to the sea-side, and for a whole week I walked on the sunny beach among the shells and sea-weed, and got a little sprinkled with the salt spray—only a little, nothing to hurt. Then I was shut up in a box in the dark, and when I saw the light again it was in this dirty London, and Patty's cheeks of rosy red were growing pale, and Frank was getting sallow and careworn. Once or twice I went to church on the Sunday, and once or twice to a walk in the park or out into the green lanes. Then I went into the box again for a long, long while, and when I saw the day once more, I felt Patty's warm tears falling upon me as she took me out. There was a baby lying in a little cradle, and Frank was sitting idle by a spark of fire, with his elbows on his knees, and looking sulky and miserable. Then I was laid upon the table, and tied up in a handkerchief with Frank's dress coat.

"'The rent must be paid to-day, Frank,' said Patty; 'there is no other way; will you take the things?'

"Frank did not answer, but bit his lips and breathed heavily; then he rose and put me under his arm, and went down-stairs into the street. He walked up and down for near an hour, and passed the pawnbroker's several times, looking over his shoulder at the door, but never entering. Then he went home again, and threw the bundle on the table, and said he couldn't do it, and he wouldn't do it. So Patty, poor thing! had to do it herself, and, answering not a word, she took me up and brought me here to the pawnbroker's, along with the coat, and took away a piece of gold and some silver instead. I have been squeezed up on a shelf here for more than a year, and I saw nothing of Patty all the time until yesterday, when she came by in a miserable old merino and garden bonnet that she had before she was married. She looked up and caught sight of me hanging here,

and then, pressing her child to her breast, hurried away. Ah! I wish she was safe back again at Daisydell."

The next monitor is an overcoat, of the paletot order, an article of a good class, somewhat the worse for wear, yet still serviceable enough for a winter's campaign. "I belonged," he says, "a year ago, or thereabouts, to Ben Plumer, the law-writer. Ben does not, as a rule, affect overcoats, having a knack of buttoning himself tight to the chin in his blue frock. He bought me when he happened to be flush of money, not exactly in a fit of extravagance, but rather as a kind of convenient investment. He apologised to his friend for the indulgence in such a luxury, by observing that as he found it impossible to keep any cash in his pocket, he had made up his mind to try the experiment on his back; adding, that if he should happen to want a pound, it would only be to put me in, and have it. In three weeks he had occasion to put his hypothesis to the test, and found it in all respects sound. I have been put in and taken out five consecutive times during the six months that I had the honour of being the property of Mr. Plumer, who always entertained a grateful regard for my services, and considered me as a veritable friend in need. What induced him to abandon me at last, is more than I can say. Here I am, however, after twelve months of durance vile. You may have me for one, seven, six—say one, five, and I don't think I shall be allowed to hang on hand. I'm worth all the money, and really, if you are a buyer, you may go further and fare worse."

Next comes a handsome gold watch and guard, by one of the famous London makers. This is what it says:—"I was bought in the Strand, two years ago, for thirty guineas, by a city gentleman who had just made a good speculation, and took a fancy for my handsome dial. He put me in his waistcoat pocket, and carried me home to Blackheath, where he lived in luxury, and denied himself nothing. His wife admired me exceedingly, and, lest I should be stolen, would have me secured by an additional guard of her own hair. I was the constant companion and faithful servant of Mr. Scrip for six months, when there came a sudden panic and revolution in the money-market, and I felt his heart beat tumultuously at a piece of news that came upon him unawares. Twenty times at least within the next hour he drew me from his pocket to mark the time, and I noticed that his jovial face had grown haggard and wan, and grew longer and longer with the passing moments. At four o'clock, instead of going home as usual to dine with his family, he rushed madly to various quarters of the town in search of friends to save him from a default, which would be his ruin. His success was but indifferent. When at length he reached home, there was a wretched domestic scene of anxiety and distress, embittered by mutual reproaches and outcries against extravagance on one side and gambling speculation on the other. Next morning early, everything that was precious and portable in the house was collected together and borne off to be pledged before business hours. I saw the whole contents of the plate-chest, and all Mrs. Scrip's jewels and trinkets unpacked in the pawnbroker's private box,

and exchanged for a roll of notes and a packet of duplicates. Last of all came my turn. I was pulled out of the warm pocket at exactly ten minutes to ten, and transferred to a private drawer, where I was suffered to tick my last tick, and have not been wound up again from that time to this. Whether Mr. Scrip maintained his standing by the sacrifices he made, I don't know; but he never came back for me, and here I am to be sold for something over half price to anybody who wants to know to a nicety what o'clock it is."

Between a gentleman's gold watch and the worn and battered tool of an artisan, there is a wide chasm; yet, nevertheless, the next monitor to be heard is a carpenter's jack plane, in a state of palpable decadence. "A queer sort of life I've had of it," it begins, "and that's a fact. It is many years ago since I was bought in Newgate-street one morning by a very decent man, who put me into his basket and carried me off to the workshop. He used me well, and in return I did him justice for three years; but then I fell into the hands of Sam Suckle, who not only used me shamefully himself, but lent me right and left among a parcel of fellows, who knocked me about at such a rate that I lost half my value in no time. Sam was fonder of the alehouse than of the workshop, and, going on from bad to worse, grew such a sot that he was banished from the workshop altogether. He now had to work on his own account; but as he liked to drink on his own account much better, he was never out of the alehouse until all the money was out of his pocket. Of course I was soon pawned to buy beer; but I had not been in limbo three days before Sam came, bringing my old companion, the hand-saw, to take my place. I was released for three short days, and then, happening to want the saw once more, Sam popped me in again to release my old friend. The changes were rung in this way month after month, and every time I got out of durance I observed that Sam's nose grew more red and his garments more ragged, his language more offensive, and his gait more staggering. The last time he pawned me I had a presentiment of what was to follow, and it was verified but too soon. Two days after came the hand-saw, as usual, but not to release me; we were now companions in durance; and a third was soon added to the party by Sam's stock and bits. This was followed by the remainder of his tools, which dribbled in, one at a time, down to the very gimlets and bradawls. The ghnot brought up the rear one Saturday night, and since then I have seen nothing of Sam, for the particulars of whose final career I must refer you to the workhouse, if you are curious about them."

A cabinet picture, about thirty inches by twenty-two, in a broad and brilliant frame of finished gilding and exquisite pattern, now claims to be heard. The rich hues of russet brown contrasting with the sparkling tints in the foreground; the delicious greens on the foliage, and the soft, delicate greys mingling with the light clouds in the distance, all combine to form an agreeable subject of contemplation, in which there is yet wanting something—some indefinable element of harmony, which ought to be, but is not there. What has it got to say? Listen: "I am an impostor," it says, "and a delusion; there is not a particle of truth or can-

dour in my composition; I am a piece of embodied wickedness, and I am heartily ashamed of myself. I am forced to present myself to the public with a lie upon my face, and I am intrinsically a lie, and nothing else. If you look at my lower left-hand corner you will see the name of W. Müller painted in legible characters. Now, I assure you, that artist never had anything to do with me—never in the whole course of his life so much as set eyes upon me. How could he? I came into existence—an existence with which I am disgusted—two years after his death. I was painted—manufactured is the more appropriate term—by a drunken artist, who sold me for forty shillings to a dealer, who praised me so magniloquently to a wealthy patron, that he was enchanted to purchase me at ninety guineas. The moment I was hung in his gallery I was suspected to be an impostor by those who knew more than my purchaser did of the essentials of art. The whispered suspicions reached his lordship's ears at last, and he, to set the matter at rest, sent me to a picture-sale, where I was knocked down for seven pounds ten, just thirty shillings more than the worth of my frame. Since then I have run a complete round among ignorant collectors, and brought a profit to some dozens of dealers. The last who had me in possession found me too well known in the market to be of further use, and he therefore brought me here and pledged me for a five-pound note, and left me to my fate. Don't have anything to do with me, unless you wish to be cheated; and if you would do me a kindness, in return for my candour, turn my face to the wall."

Here is a more serious claimant on our notice—a large family folio Bible, sheathed in a brown-holland scabbard, lies in a corner. If it had a voice, it might speak something to the following effect:—"I came into the world nearly forty years ago, and nobody has read a couple of chapters in me yet. I belonged first to a country servant-maid, who took me in from the book-peddler, at sixpence a number, in blue covers, and was paying sixpences every Saturday, for over four years, before she came to the end of the volume. She sent my numbers to be bound, when she was on the point of being married. When bound, I was put into a green-baize cover, in which I lay for twenty years on a side-table in her cottage, in front of the tea-tray and under the knife-box, being only taken out now and then, that the children, when they grew big enough, might look at my pictures. I was called the Family Bible; but I was never made the means of giving instruction to the family. Had the lessons of prudence which I inculcate been noted and studied, my owners would never have found it needful to part with me; for prosperity is the fruit of my counsel. I was left as an heir-loom to the eldest daughter, who married about ten years back, and with her husband removed to London, where they fell into deep distress. I was pawned to buy bread for a starving family. The pawnbroker would only advance twenty shillings upon my security, though I had cost between six and seven guineas in all.

We have not time to spare just now to listen to further revelations. There is a diamond ring sparkling on a bed of white cotton, in a way that convinces us that its story is worth hearing; there

is a collected edition of Schiller's works, and a corpulent German dictionary, ready to unbosom their reminiscences. In the shop is a cottage piano, with a couple of rents in its damask-silk front—"poor dumb mouths," which could furnish us with a family history varied enough for a whole volume; and there are no end of mementoes of the poor man's lot, of his hard labour and struggles to get the materials and elements of comfort and respectability about him, and of the determined battles he fought and fought in vain, while forced by adversity to relinquish them one by one, that he might drive the gaunt wolf from the door and feed his famishing little ones. All these we must leave to the imagination of the reader. Each one of itself might yield the groundwork of a romance, all the more touching and instructive in that the details are drawn from the realities of our social life.

By the perusal of the pawnbroker's window, we may derive a more intense conviction than we are accustomed to entertain of the fact, not pleasant to think of, that poverty, so far as that is identical with want of money, is by no means confined to the class whom we denominate "the poor." Pawn-brokers, it would appear, abound in nearly all ranks of life. The owners of jewels and precious metals and articles of pure luxury impound them as readily, under the pressure of temporary emergencies, as the needy man does his clothes or his tools. The quantity and variety of articles yearly pledged and forfeited, which are of a description proving that they could not have belonged to the poorer classes, is enormous; and we may learn from them how true it is that misfortunes and reverses track all grades of society.

RESCUED FROM THE FAMINE.

WE, who live here at home in Old England, in the midst of abundance, are so totally unaccustomed to find ourselves deprived of the necessities of life, that we can with difficulty realize the sufferings endured by the inhabitants of those countries where the supply of food is more precarious and uncertain. Our sketch has reference to a country where a very different state of things exists. In India, where everything depends upon the grateful showers which fall in the rainy season, extending from about the commencement of June to the end of September, the land, already parched and blistered by the scorching sun of the hot season, becomes so arid and unproductive, should there not have been a sufficient quantity of rain, that whole districts at a time will be suffering in the most acute manner from the pangs of hunger, and the number of agonizing deaths which take place in consequence would appal any English registrar, howsoever accustomed to the melancholy statistics of his calling.

Of course this observation applies almost exclusively to the natives; for, although Europeans may experience much inconvenience, and have to pay very high prices, yet "John Company's" rupees will effect a great deal, and certainly among the servants, covenanted and uncovenanted, of that excellent old gentleman, poverty is not a

prevailing complaint. The poorer natives are the sufferers, for rice and grain, which form the chief if not sole articles of their food, are, in a period of famine, far too high for their humble means, and unless their sufferings come to the ear of some kind-hearted officer in the district, who will step forward and assist them, starve they must. In these seasons of distress an Indian mother will very commonly sell her child for grain. The reason for this is twofold; first, that she may herself have wherewith to live; and, second, that which is of most importance to her, that her infant may be kept from want, and brought up in that state of comfort and happiness which it would seek in vain at its own home. It is to such an incident that we would allude in our present little sketch.

In the cold season of the year 18—, whilst I was residing with my husband at a military station in the south-west of the Deccan, a dreadful famine was prevailing throughout the whole of our district, and the adjacent ones too. Often and often my husband would return to the cantonment after his ride, almost sick with the revolting sights which he had witnessed; dead bodies of men, women, and children lying about the brushwood on the large plains peculiar to that neighbourhood, and cattle scattered about the roads, with the birds of prey pecking at their eyes ere yet the breath of life was out of their bodies. In vain was a plentiful dole distributed every day within the compound to all who chose to come for it; there were many too far off from the "sahib's" dwelling to drag their famine-emasculated bodies along the road that led to it. In vain did we endeavour to alleviate suffering by searching far and wide for the starving natives, carrying food to their very mouths, so to speak; the famine was too mighty for our weak efforts to cope with it.

One day, when the ayah came into my room, she began, as usual, to give me the news and chit-chat of the cantonment. Amongst other pieces of information, she told me that the wife of one of our grass-cutters had purchased a child about two years of age, from its almost starving mother. She was herself childless, and being strongly desirous of possessing one to adopt as her own, and closely importuned one morning, as she entered the compound, by a wretched woman with a haggard look and an attenuated infant in her arms, she had listened, not without interested motives, to her tale of woe, and eventually bought her little daughter for half a seer (equivalent to a pound) of jawarree, the lowest kind of grain, except raghi, known in that part of India.

I heard this story, as the reader may well imagine, with much attention and interest, and shortly afterwards sent for the child to see her. She was as black as ebony, with little to recommend her in point of good looks; but there was a twinkle and a look of intelligence about the eyes, which gave promise of shrewd sense and penetration; nor was I at all sorry to find afterwards, as she grew up, that I had enacted the part of Lavater very well on that occasion, and was far from being out in my calculation.

Time wore on, the famine still raging with unmitigated violence, and little Lutchmi (for such was the child's name) had been for some time in-

stalled in our household, when an event occurred which it is necessary at this point to mention. Some poor creatures, racked with the pangs of hunger, and having no place wherein to lay their heads by night, had begged permission of my husband to occupy the vacant stalls in our stables, for at that time he had there but two horses, one for the buggy, the other a charger. He complied with their request, on condition of their observing the strictest decorum whilst there, and not giving him any occasion to find fault; so that our household mustered very strong, when the last-named unfortunates took possession, which they were to retain until the severe season was over.

After the lapse of a short period, I began to hear that Madame Lutchmi Mère (after buying the child she called it by her own name) was in the habit of ill-treating her little charge. It appeared that the young thing was rather fractious, used to cry to go back to its mother, and had strong objections to the process of ablution. All this put the temper of its quasi-parent out of joint, and consequently superinduced very harsh and unkind treatment. Wearied at length with these reports, I mentioned them to my husband, who sent for the woman, and closely interrogated her on the subject. After some evasion, she confessed that she had frequently beaten and otherwise maltreated little Lutchmi; whereupon my husband told her, after severely reprimanding her for her unfeeling conduct, that, the very next time any complaint reached his ears, he would expel her altogether from the cantonment. We hoped that this threat would have due effect. I wish our hopes had not been disappointed, but they were to be in the most signal manner.

The country all round for some miles was very flat and open: an Englishman, fresh from home, would have recognised it with difficulty, as corresponding to his ideas of Indian scenery, for jungle there was none whatever; the only approximation thereto being the short, scant brushwood growing about the "maidan," or plain, which was the nightly haunt, especially during the famine, for jackals innumerable. Only a few days after her former offence, Lutchmi perpetrated her crowning act of cruelty. The poor child had been somewhat more troublesome than usual, and had so highly exasperated her guardian, that she determined on its destruction. Fearing to make away with it herself, she bribed one of the Pariahs, located, as before mentioned, in our stables, to carry the child by night, set it down upon the "maidan," and expose it to the cruel voracity of the jackals. Happily this foul scheme was discovered. As the Pariah was leaving the compound, one of our "syces" (grooms) met him, and asked him what he was doing with the child. The answers were so unsatisfactory and vague, that the "syce" had his suspicions, and resolved to communicate them without loss of time. He instantly made his way to my husband's study, and acquainted him with what he had seen. Old Lutchmi was immediately summoned. At first she solemnly declared that the "baba" had ungratefully run away from her, and that she was utterly ignorant whither it had gone; but, after trying all the usual modes of deceit and falsehood in vain, she stood utterly silent, and

refused to open her mouth. The evidence against her, however, was so conclusive, that my husband ordered her instantaneously to set off to the "maidan" and search for the child, assuring her that, if it were not brought back safe and sound before morning, he would shave her head—a dreadful indignity among the natives of India. She left the room with a sullen air, apparently well convinced of the utter futility of even trying to escape, much more of shirking her task.

The next morning the Pariah and child had both returned to the cantonment in safety; but although she had thus fulfilled my husband's commands, he was so much annoyed at her uniformly cruel conduct, especially after engaging to fill the place of the child's mother, that he determined to make an example of her, and disgrace her in the eyes of the whole community. She was accordingly, with marks of ignominy, expelled from the compound. The Pariah accomplice of old Lutchmi was driven out at the same time, and never again suffered to take up his quarters in the stables.

Afterwards, we ourselves adopted the child, and when, at the close of the famine, the government issued an edict, to the effect that all children sold to the Company's servants through distress should be restored, if their parents demanded them, although divers relations claimed little Lutchmi (her poor mother was dead), we had become so much attached to her (already a pleasant little companion for our boys), and were so disgusted at the sordid conduct of the applicants, who only wanted the money usually given in such cases for the child's purification, and would most probably, after receiving that, have left her to perish, that we finally resolved upon keeping her. She was in due time sent to school, where her natural talent and amiability were moulded to such good effect, that little Lutchmi became a useful and respected member of society in the land where her starving mother had sold her for a meal.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

THE spontaneous feeling of every man on being injured, is that of an individual who once laid the particulars of a flagrant affront he had received before an eminent English barrister and judge, and asked him "if it would not be manly to resent it?" This was human nature. It was a super-human nature which prompted the noble reply: "Yes, it will be manly to resent it; but it will be *God-like to forgive it*." If we admire this spirit—as we certainly must—why shall we not emulate it? Inculcated as it is, both by the precept and the example of the Saviour, it is still further commended to us by its adaptation to promote our own happiness. For what is resentment but "a union of sorrow with malignity—a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid with a passion which all concur to detest? The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage—whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin—whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another—may justly be

numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence." It is a still weightier motive to the culture of a meek and benevolent spirit, that "of him who hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain."—*Boardman*.

DEATH OF ELIOT, THE MISSIONARY.

HE returned, for the last time, to Roxbury, which he never quitted again. The infirmities of old age now came fast upon him. When he could no longer leave his dwelling, the ruling passion was strong to the last; he caused a young Indian, in his primitive ignorance and darkness, to dwell with him; and, as life ebbed away, he occupied himself in teaching him passages from the Scripture, with as much ardour and diligence as if a chief of the desert was before him. A fever, with which he was attacked, compelled him to lay aside this employment, and he lay in the extremity of his sufferings. On one who had known little pain till the age of ninety, this bodily agony fell heavily; but he said death was no more to him than sleep to a weary man. "The evening clouds are passed away," he said; "the Lord Jesus, whom I have served, like Polycarp, for eighty years, forsakes me not. O come in glory! I have long waited for that coming; let no dark cloud rest on the work of the Indians; let it live when I am dead." Ere his voice failed for ever, the last words he uttered were, "Welcome, joy!" and his toils were finished, at nearly the age of ninety; what was yet a greater mercy, with a mind strong and unclouded to the close.—*Carné's Lives of Eminent Missionaries*.

ANSWER TO THE HISTORICAL ENIGMA,

NO. XIV.

WASHINGTON.—1. Wallenstein; 2. Ascham (Roger); 3. Sidoma (Duke of); 4. Howard (Lord); 5. Irenæus; 6. Naseby; 7. Gioja (Flavio); 8. Tromp (Van); 9. Oberlin; 10. Nimrod.

THE LECTURING MONKEY.—Of one species which Duffon calls *ouarine*, "I have frequently," says Margrave, "been a witness of their assemblies and deliberations. Every day, both morning and evening, the ouarines assemble in the woods to receive instructions. When all come together, one among the number takes the highest place on a tree, and makes a signal with his hand to the rest to sit round, in order to hearken. As soon as he sees them placed, he begins his discourse with so loud a voice, and yet in a manner so precipitate that, to hear him at a distance, one would think the whole company were crying out at the same time; however, during that time, one only is speaking, and all the rest observe the most profound silence. When this is done, he makes a sign with the hand for the rest to reply; and at that instant they raise their voices together, until by another signal of the hand they are enjoined silence. This they as readily obey; till at last the whole assembly break up, after hearing a repetition of the same preachment."